



AN
ANSWER
TO A
LETTER

Sent by

E——ce B——ll, Esq;



(Price Four Pence)

1718



AN

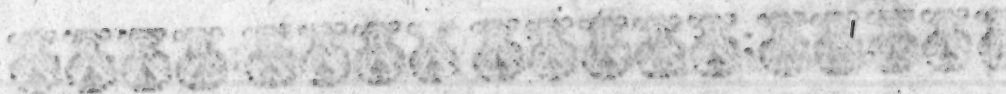
ANSWER



LETTER

Sent by

—ce B—W Eld;



(Price Four Pence)

Prin

A N
A N S W E R

From the

Lord * * * * *

In I R E L A N D,

T O A

L E T T E R

Sent by

E——ce B——ll, Esq; *K*
In E N G L A N D.

*He first consider'd, which was better,
To answer or to burn the Letter:
But guessing that it might import,
Tho' nothing else, at least his Sport,
He open'd it, and read it out,
With many a Smile, and leering Flout;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what he design'd.* [Hudr.]

L O N D O N,
Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane, 1718,

AN

ANSWER

From the

Lord

* * * * *

IN IRELAND

TO A

LETTER



By J. B. Esq.

IN ENGLAND

He first consider'd, which was better,
To answer or to burn the Letter;
But guessing that it might import
Too nothing else, at least his Sport,
He open'd it, and read it o'er,
With many a Smile, and loving Frown;
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what he design'd.
[Hobbs]

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Roberts in Warwick-Lane. 1718.



A N
A N S W E R, &c.

Dublin, Nov. 16, 1718.

S I R,

YOUR Friends receiv'd with aking Hearts,
The Token of your *Wit* and *Parts*.

Inscrib'd it is unto the LORD, * * * *

As *Capitals* thereon accord.

B

But

But here no Lords your *Bratt* adopt,
 Save I, (*my Lord!*) both humpt, and cropt,
 Your old Friend *Ralph*, the *Pickled Tapster*,
 At Puns and Jokes your *Brother Dapster*,
 Why would you send the *Vagrant* here,
 For every *Afs* to flout and jeer?
 These airy Flights of *Skull of Papen*,
 Like Paper-Kites, that fly a Taper,

Make

Make waggish Boys laugh.—'tis a plain Case;

And this your Book proves, Master *Eustace*!

First for its *Truth*, and nice *Decorum*,

Pages full forty two will show 'em:

Show Talents keen as *those* of *Cha—res*,

When he for Interest *Honour* barter.

Or when a Maid — to him sow'r Grapes,

His Lust, but not his *Tongue* escapes.

If so unfashionable here,

At first you *Modest* did appear,

How much our Clime, Sir, has refin'd you,

In twenty Pages I do find true.

There your *Dispatches* load the Post. p. 9

And here your Ships defend the Coast. p. 7

Thus your stout Loyalty and Zeal, p. 10

Propt up our sinking Common-weal.

For

For which, — but you're a *modest* Elf,

Lords prefs'd in vain a *little* Pelf:

Ah! Sir, a L * * * * may sometimes doat!

What! — pay such Zeal with one *small* Note.

Zeal kindled by that brighter Flame,

Which burnt in *Addi*—— what's his Name?

Who *nearest* to your *Blood* ally'd,

Deign'd to take *W*——*k* for his Bride.

Your

Your Policy, or Zeal, or both,
 Were certainly of *Irish* Growth,
 Till turn'd to Venom, how they flourish'd !
 For here, Sir, — not a *Viper's* nourish'd.
 Now in the Ballance let us try,
 Your Vig'lance and Sagacity.
 This Frauds with subtle *Ken* explores ;
 That the infected *State* restores.

— But

— But how? — make you in Office Cheif;

The House of — (grant us Heav'n Belief!) p.23

Will grow too Hot for one *State-Thief*.

But here, they say, your vain *Conceit*,

Has set your Head, where stood your Feet.

That your inverted Eyes mistake,

And for a * *Plumb* a † *Strawb'ry* take.

* In modern Dictionaries signifies 100000 l.

† Such a one has blossom'd by Tom's Coffee-House 20 Years.

Hence

Hence 'tis, your Breeding to your Betters, —

So quaintly polish'd by *Belles-Letters*, p. 15

Mark'd *Maddocks* and his Master *Poor*, p. 23

To have them both kick'd out a Door. —

Mistaken *Squire*! — No more the *First*,

Is with your Pride, and Ins'lence curst.

The L——ds have turn'd his *outer Room*, p. 15

His *little Desk*, and *Office-Broom*,

Into the Seal, Scrutore, and Place,

Which once your *Worship* did so grace.

Yet

His * Patron too, as Letters mark,

Shines still the same, for all you *bark* ;

Yet had you there spent all your Spleen,

You now and then on *Stephen's Green*

Might still have melted *Maidens stale*

With *Verses*, ——— or with Bottle Ale.

But since with *Rep* of Belles you sport,

With *Chaplins* you must *Nabbies Court*.

C

Why

Mr. Secretary Web—er.

Why would you, *Squire*, the *Fair one* stain?

Why spurt at *her* your Ink in vain?

See! her Completion's still the same!

Oh! could we thus pronounce your Fame!

Now Blessing on you for your News,

A welcome Present to my Muse.

You say you'll *Speech* it in the House;

At which I *squint*, and eke my Spouse.

For

For here Provision for the Br——ch,
Grows scarce.—— but you will print your Speech.

What gives our Hearts the most Delight,
Is *great* K—— G—— in *black* and *white*, p. 31

Drawn with such Force by your *bold* Quill,
It mocks ev'n *Kneller's* boasted Skill. p. 32

Portly, you say, as I remember, p. 31
And not unlike a *Country Member*.

low must our Wives then you admire,
 Since you are turning *Country Squire*!—

We heard (before *he* blest this Land)
 Of his *true Heart* and his *bold Hand*;
 But knew not till this News you writ,
 That his Accompts he could *audit*;
 We *Sets* rejoice, he favours *Trade*,
 While you extoll the *Masquerade*,

The *Opera* and *Italian Fiddles*, p. 34

Fine *Bons Mots*, and plain *English Quibbles*, p. 34

But should you here such Ware retail,

You'd scarce get *Tick* for *Pots of Ale*;

Since *Bing*, God blefs him, won the Day

Our Bards sing *Triumphs*, — drink and *pay*;

They sing those too who rule the Roast,

As *Europe's Wonder*, *Britain's Boast*.

While you play *Poppets*, that can't stand, p. 30

Nor move without an *able Hand*.

To

To such you sink a high-born Breed,
Because you like not their State-Creed;
For all which, in due Place and Time,
May you to high Preferment climb.

F I N I S.



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